

H I S T O R Y

O F T H E

H O N O U R A B L E

EDWARD MORTIMER.

B Y A L A D Y.

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Hon. EDWARD MORTIMER.

WHEN Lady Dudley committed to the care of Mrs. Winter, the manuscript of Mr. Mortimer's memoirs, (the perusal of which had been fatal to her sensibility) Mrs. Winter's heart exulted in this proof of confidence and esteem, from a woman the world placed in the highest estimation for virtue. Lady Dudley, severe over her own conduct, had a tear of pity for every sister of frail indiscretion, With the soothing mildness of the benevolent angel, she had even reclaimed vice, and poured the balm of com-

comfort when the mind had apparently lost the guardianship of heaven, and the rash sacrilegious hand been lifted up, to condemn a soul by suicide to eternal destruction.

The friendship with which Lady Dudley honoured Mr. Mortimer, first engaged Mrs. Winter in his favour. With a mind cultivated, and manners the most elegant, he was blessed with a heart beaming with tenderness, honour, justice, and sincerity : Prepossessed with this knowledge of his worth, Mrs. Winter sat down, with the most anxious suspense, to consider what *bar* could unfortunately prevent from being united, *minds* with every requisite to make even this world a world of happiness :

The fatal secret disclosed, Mrs. Winter shed tears for Lady Dudley : She honoured Mr. Mortimer's magnanimity; wished the stricken deer had not been thus deeply wounded;

wounded; and continued to read the memoirs, with variety of agitated passions, till she came to the anonymous billet delivered into the hands of Mr. Mortimer, the instant he was upon entering the trenches, at a time so dangerous, that a return was scarce to be hoped, or expected. To this period we have related in the First Volume of our history, and shall resume the continuance, where Lady Dudley's fainting prevented her further perusal.

The Continuation of the History of the Hon.
EDWARD MORTIMER.

“ Judge, amiable Lady Dudley, my perturbation of mind on reading this fatal billet: I stood like a body petrified: The relief-guard was drawn up before me, who only waited the word of command:—I lost my sight—a noise rushed into my head, and I fell;—fortunately my courage had been so frequently proved on service of
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the most severe nature, that I escaped censure : The officer next on duty was fought ; this happened to be Captain Bellamy ; he was unaccountably missing, and not in readiness : as this duty was almost certain death, every one called for Bellamy to mount his own guard : At that moment (as I was afterwards informed) there came up Major Melancour ; he saw me on the ground, apparently dead ; he flew to me : they related to him the circumstance of the letter, which he wrenched from my hand—started, and trembled at the perusal : He took up my spontoon, “ Tell Captain Mortimer” said the Major, “ Melancour will do his duty, happy to meet death, should that convince him he is superior to a dishonourable action ; and rejoices in the opportunity of preserving a life more valuable than his own, for an innocent virtuous wife.” He then gave the word of command, and with great coolness marched into the trenches, taking the fatal letter with him.—

“ My

"My God! why was such a man ever the slave of passions? when by nature endowed with nobleness of mind, and magnanimity of conduct?"

"I was carried by the relief-guard into my barrack, without signs of life. Emilia concluding me wounded and dead, fell into a fit of frenzy and despair. I recovered my senses; rage took possession of my faculties: I strove to gain a pistol within my reach, and, senseless with passion, attempted to fire at Emilia: Heaven averted the charge; they concluded me mad; and by force kept me down—and carried my poor fainting girl out of the room.

"Bellamy had just heard the report of my death, on the circumstance of receiving a letter, and came with Mrs. Bellamy, with great humanity, to my distressed Emilia. I found I must talk reasonably, or never gain my liberty.

" I requested I might be left alone, with the officer of the relief-guard, Captain Nisbit, my very particular friend, (a brave honest man, advanced in years) and Captain Bellamy, with whom they knew I lived in the greatest intimacy. When every person was withdrawn, I disclosed the horrid contents of the fatal letter : Bellamy was silent ; he had a face of distress ; he gave me a look of compassion ; soon endeavoured to recover himself ; opened his mouth to speak ; and then relapsed into a thoughtful silence. I urged him, by our long friendship, to give his real sentiments : Bellamy arose—walked about the room ; I was on the rack ; at last he begged I would pardon him ; the subject was of too nice and delicate a nature for him to offer his opinion.

" Captain Nisbit, with a tremendous oath, swore then he would, and related the gallant behaviour of Major Melancour,
still

still swearing, the man, who could doubt, or cast a blemish on *such* a character, deserved to be execrated for a villain: that the letter was wrote by some rascal, who durst not, in his own name, avow the charge: that Melancour, on his return, would find him out, and by G—if the brave lad fell, Jack Nisbit would make the villain eat his words, or blow out his brains.—

“My dear Sir,” returned Captain Belamy, “you are violent; my friend Mortimer is a brave man, every way capable of defending his own honour, but too wise to quarrel with every man who pays homage to such charms as Mrs. Mortimer’s, or on whom she may condescend to smile. As a married man myself, I am of opinion, the less such *young* dangerous batchelors interfere in matrimonial contests the better.”

“ While this dispute continued, with rage on the side of Nisbit, and perfect cool satirical politeness on that of Captain Bellamy, we heard the explosion of the mine, (long before the expected hour :) and the groans of the dying, screams of the women, the howling of the dogs, and the confusion of the people, endeavouring, if possible, to give assistance to the wounded, rendered this a scene too horrid for description. My heart smote me : Melancour had died for me, whom, if innocent, I loved above all mankind : even if guilty, one moment's reflection reminded me, the encouragement must arise from Mrs. Mortimer's favour to him, consequently the fault *her own* ; I would resign her ; throw from my arms, a woman unworthy of my heart.

“ While I was making these reflections, the smoke in some measure subsided, and we perceived a sally on the other side : some fortunate accident must have happened
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ed in our favour : We plainly discovered the uniform of our regiment. " He is alive," cried Nesbit, overjoyed. We drew our swords, and flew to the assistance of Melancour, who was adored by every rank. We met about twenty, with the same intentions.

" We found Major Melancour with two other officers, and about eight privates, selling dearly their lives; our reinforcement gave them fresh spirits: we rallied, and I came fortunately in time to save the man I wished most to preserve. A French officer seemed particularly to aim at Melancour's life: at this moment I arrived; I made a stroke, and was going to put an end to his life, when he begged quarter, and was taken prisoner: as this was the commanding officer, the skirmish was soon over. We brought our prisoners into the town, amidst the acclamations of the people, without the loss of a single man.

“Melancour had a great reserve on his brow: “Captain Mortimer,” says he, “we must have some private conversation, and that immediately.”—We went into my barrack, and shut the door.

“We were both silent for some moments: it was my place to speak, and advancing to embrace him, I cried, “my dear Melancour, where can this villain exist, who levels his hellish malice at our peace?”

“Hold Mortimer,” replied the Major, withdrawing from me, “part is a sacred truth—I love Mrs. MORTIMER, and now destroy (continued he, baring his breast) the man who dare avow he *shall* adore her while life is lent him.”

“I turned from him; the horror of my situation was inexpressible: the loss of Emilia’s love rushed at once on my mind: *pride* was no more thought of in the anguish of my despair. “Death is for me,” I exclaimed,

claimed, with a countenance which terrified Melancour. "Understand me well," continued he, "never harbour a suspicion injurious to the honour of your amiable wife; or imagine, I have had the presumption, from her encouragement or indulgence, to breathe a passion, chaste, from a wish to injure your honour, as her own immaculate virtue: my affection, more soft than friendship, might, to a man who sought his own happiness, at the expence of every sacred tie, have proved dangerous; I once loved, with the greatest passion, a lady of her country; Mrs. Mortimer's voice and accent vibrates to my heart; though her name never passed my lips, yet Mrs. Mortimer frequently makes the object of my earliest love the subject of her conversation, and (unknown to herself) renews those tender sensations, which some years past engaged my whole happiness.

“When I had been about three years in the foot-guards,” continued Melancour, “I paid a visit to my mother’s brother, a man of considerable fashion and fortune in Scotland; where likewise was on a visit a young lady, niece to my aunt, about my own age, more lovely than Hebe, innocently gay, playful as fawns in summer sunshine. My attentions gained her partial favour; the passion we had for each other, made the hour of parting dangerous; I saw her as my wife, but was torn from her, by immediate orders to embark for Germany. I wrote numbers of letters without receiving any answer; at last, I recollected my uncle’s steward, who informed me she had been in an ill state of health many months, but was better; and three days before married to an old Earl, whom I well knew; that his own wife had been her nurse, whom he frequently found in tears, at the hard fate of her dear young lady. I immediately wrote to the steward’s wife,

wife, inclosing a letter to my perjured mistress, which this worthy woman returned, with words to this effect:—
“ Worlds should not bribe her to disturb the peace of mind of her dear child :” I found my letters had been destroyed, and force had been used, to tear my LOUISA from me.—On my return to England, I flew to Scotland ; but this exemplary wife never received my letters, or while I stayed in the country, ever left the side of her husband : and dedicating her life to a man, where duty only could be the motive fulfilling her vows, as *due* to her *own* honour, and the fidelity she had pledged ; frantic as I became from love, my esteem, which hourly encreased, taught me obedience to her commands. I saw *my son*, transferred to him my affections for his charming mother, and settled on him a fortune equal to my unalterable love : Judge then, Mortimer, if I could plant a dagger in another’s breast, which I feel rankling in

my own from the loss of the woman I love."

I embraced Melancour; my jealousy vanished; in his confusion he had let *fall* the name of *Louisa*; I had frequently heard Emilia mention Miss Louisa Campbell, married to Lord C——, to whom her behaviour and conduct was the admiration of the whole country, and the more so, as my Lord added to his great age, vices which took from him all pretensions to the respect his time of life demanded: I forbore to hint to Melancour, that I was, by his inadvertency, informed of this secret, as his delicacy would have felt too severe a wound.

"Melancour joined with me in opinion, that some viper lay concealed, endeavouring to render me miserable: My Emilia engaged then all my thoughts; I found her just recovered from fainting; she had no recollection of the past, except a faint
idea

idea she saw me wounded ; my embraces, and the assuring her I was unhurt, restored her to her senses.

“ Melancour kent back : I brought him to her, and entreated her to embrace the preserver of my life. Melancour kissed her hand : I left him with my Emilia and Mrs. Bellamy, and sought her husband : I confess I was under some surprise that he had not followed Captain Nisbit and myself, but he laughed at this in his usual careless manner : “ No Don Quixote engagements for him ; too wise, he hoped, to lose his life to hinder his *own* promotion ; that if we three had been fortunately killed, he should then have had the majority *himself*—he was a proverb of ill luck.” As this raillery is frequent with the best friends amongst the military, I proceeded to request, he never would drop, before Mrs. Mortimer, the least hint alluding to the letter I received on my march into the trenches, for that both

Melancour

Melancour and myself were convinced, it was from some secret enemy without the smallest foundation. Bellamy assured me, on his honour, he never would, and then, with great good-humour, congratulated me on my happiness.—“ *Faith* is as necessary for a married man, continued he, as a methodist, *and so* you found not Cassio’s kisses on her lips—thrice happy Mortimer!” It is impossible not to laugh at the drollery of his manner, and I replied, in the same style, “ fortunately, *I did not*, both for Cassio and Desdemona; for the woman who wounds her delicacy, by giving her kisses, would make it immaterial to me what she did with the rest of her favours :”—Bellamy took out his glass, and affected to stare at *me* as a *phenomenon*,—“ Wonderful animal !” cried he, is it alive ?”

“ After we had diverted ourselves some time, with what he called my *seraphic* delicacy,—I took out my watch, and told

told him, I begged to have the honour of administering to those gross appetites he so well understood; the roast beef would be served up in less than five minutes: we then joined our friends at dinner in the gayest humour.

“Emilia appeared in high beauty, though scarcely recovered from the agitation of spirits she had lately gone through on my account; in those happy days, she lived, in my eyes, and might be said truly to exist in my smiles. If I had a shadow of melancholy, “I was ill,—my wound pained me—something had offended me.”—Few, alas! are sufficiently refined, to know these anxious fears are love’s chief happiness; but pursue (with Bellamy) a beaten track, too low for pleasure and too gross for pain.

“We went in the evening to visit our prisoners, the French officers; Monsieur De Chèvre’s extreme likeness to Melan-
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cour struck us all with surprize,—the same height and air,—but Monsieur De Chèvre had a *fiercé* in his eyes, which cast a forbidding shade over his countenance. The General had granted him his liberty on his parole, and I requested the honour of his company at supper; we learned afterwards, from some of the French officers, that Madame De Chevré had been thought to entertain *more* than gallantry for the father of Melancour, when he was in France: our politeness made us conceal our conjectures, but I made no doubt but he personally knew my friend, and I found they had been introduced some years before, by Melancour's late father, at Paris.

“Our loss had been so severe during the siege, that on a flag of truce being sent from the enemy to the Governor, he called a council of war, and it was determined a cessation of arms should take place, and all hostilities
cease

cease for the space of six weeks. A military life is hardships, dangers, and death; or, mirth, gallantry, and social pleasure, which they enjoy with double force. I had recovered my health. Our little Julia was the delight of our lives. My Emilia was well, lovely, and I felt perfect felicity. Dread, thou mortal, in this vale of misery, a situation, prognosticating some fatal change.—Emilia grew grave—regarded me with an averted eye—more polite than tender—a reserve in that breast which ever flew to disclose the utmost trifles to my enraptured heart:—this is, alas! the grave of love. Conscious of my own late unhappy frenzy, when in the moment of jealous fury I had attempted the life of my wife, I durst no longer make use of those arguments of never-failing efficacy and weight over my Emilia's tenderness and affection.

“Mrs. Bellamy was become the favourite and constant companion of Mrs. Mortimer;

timer ; they even affected to dress in the same manner, and had one of muslin, with bunches of moss roses, in which (as Mrs. Bellamy's figure was very elegant) she had been taken for Emilia ; these mistakes had been productive of a *masked ball* : Our Officers entered into the scheme with great spirit ; a subscription was set on foot immediately, and that day se'nnight fixed for the entertainment. We made a *just* point of concealing our dresses from each other ; the whole ranges of barracks were opened, and each ornamented his apartment as much as possible :—Mrs. Mortimer had thrown a *black bed-gown* over her muslin rose-bud dress, and this with a petticoat of the same colour, she called the habit of *a witch*. I had put on the cowl and dress of a Friar over that of a Perôt, which I had been diverting myself in the beginning of the evening with the *gaieté de cœur* of a happy man. This double disguise embarrassed me, and I was going into my dressing-room to throw one of them

them off, when I met my wife's maid, a worthy creature, whom we had brought from her father's house. Priscilla stopped me, "I ken weel these doings," cried the poor girl; "my mistress is sitting on the lap of some bra lad:" I was going to fling open the door into the room; one moment's reflection made me move more slow, with resolution and contempt: My——, what name can I give to one unworthy of that of *wife or woman*—— was sitting on the knee of Melancour, her arm round his neck, shedding tears in his bosom: she had thrown off the infernal habit of witch, and was dressed in that in which I so often gazed at her, when with a form of matchless innocence, arrayed in white adorned with roses;—his back was to me—one arm encircled her perfidious form, and with the other he was transcribing some hasty lines:—In this situation I found *the wife* of Mortimer; of *her guilt*, "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." 'Tis well, I cried

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ed aloud ; they started and clapped on their masks ; I rushed on him ; we were both unarmed ; my wounds had rendered me less active ; the woman fled out of the room ; we wrestled ; I strove to tear the mask from the villain's face ; he was much stronger, and threw me down ; then ran ; I soon recovered my feet, and followed : at the bottom of the gallery I heard the drums beat to arms, and met again Melancour dressed in his *regimentals* : " This is a plot discovered," he cried ; those vile prisoners have betrayed us ; arm yourself, my dear Mortimer : for heaven's sake ! where is Emilia, and little Julia ?" —all this with a face in which guilt had no part : — *Such* is the last stage of vile hypocrisy : he ran ; there was no time for thought—the gates had been opened to our enemies ; a general engagement was begun ; I had but a few moments to habit myself like a soldier, and join my corps.

" I have

"I have already trespassed on your Ladyship's patience : From this period my life has been a scene of wretchedness ;— I fought hard in this action to lose an existence doomed to woe, and was on every moment of recollection, become a burden. I was taken prisoner, and from wounds rendered insensible for many weeks. My first thought was for my innocent little Julia ; unable to sustain an idea of her mind being formed by the systems of a depraved heart, this heightened my delirium, and first informed the Chevalier de' Eveillé (a man of quality, in the *garde royale*, whose prisoner I was) the extent of my particular misfortunes :— I had known him in England, and his friendship and humanity had my Julia, with her maid Priscilla, brought to me, and sent me on my parole up the country, for the establishment of my health.—I found Mrs. Mortimer thought I was killed ; that Major Melancour was wounded,

ed, and that she scarce left her chamber but to visit him.

“When the peace took place, our regiment was broke, and I was reduced to half-pay; a circumstance immaterial to me, who had no joy in life but the education of my little Julia, who promised to equal in loveliness, her unfaithful, cruel mother: Within these few days I have been informed, Mrs. Mortimer lives in the house of Major Melancour, in Scotland: my heart thanks her for this fresh insult: a distant ray of hope breaks in upon my mind, and tells me I may yet have a view of happiness. Pardon, amiable Lady Dudley, my presumption, in thus detaining your attention to the misfortunes of an *unhappy man*, a *situation* to be *deserted* by the world; but to such a mind as Lady Dudley’s, the strongest recommendation. Still, Madam, let me hope the blessing of your friendship,

ship, and the honour of subscribing myself,

your devoted
and obedient servant

EDWARD MORTIMER."

Thus concludes the life of Mr. Mortimer; a man whose heart glowed with friendship and universal benevolence to mankind. We are forbid to enquire *why* such a character suffered so severe a trial, on an object the most tender and nearest to his heart:—Why the vicious and worthless prosper, and why the good and amiable are oppressed, is reserved for that day, when our darkness shall be turned into light.—The Bellamy's characters are the hacknied, selfish, unfeeling minds, common in every city; they partake of that evil propensity of our first enemy, who pined even in Paradise till he could work the destruction of virtues he wanted grace to imitate.—Captain Bellamy, in former ages, was introduced as
a man

a man of successful gallantry, in *his style*; he loved Mrs. Mortimer; one day he ventured to insinuate this passion to her:—his pride, his vanity was picqued, that she did not even condescend to make use of her voice to express what her heart felt, and her countenance could sufficiently render intelligible; but left him without uttering one sentence. From that moment he hated the happy Mortimer: he had well studied his favourite character, the original serpent; and he determined to wait a more favourable opportunity, when, as he durst not hope to render Mrs. Mortimer contemptible in reality, he might, at least, have the happiness to give appearances, which to a man of Mr. Mortimer's nice sense of honour, would make him (instead of the object of his utmost envy) a wretched, miserable being, capable only to inspire *pity*; a situation, mean minds exult in looking down upon. With these ideas, *black* as his master's to whom he bowed the knee, he disguised himself,

himself, (for he had too much *cunning* to trust any body) and delivered the billet into the hands of Mr. Mortimer, as he was going into the trenches:—The extreme love he knew Mr. Mortimer entertained for his wife, made him hope that it would force him to quit his post, and render him suspected, in the character of a soldier; the catastrophe, very different from his wishes, rendered him wretched, which he covered with his *gay, careless* manner, till Mr. Mortimer, unfortunately, requested Bellamy would never divulge his jealous frenzy to his Emilia. *This* opened a new field, and gave rise to fresh inventions, which were fatal in their success.

Mr. Bellamy readily gave *his honour* he never would mention the circumstance to Mrs. Mortimer: Well he knew he could never gain attention: but he determined to employ Mrs. Bellamy, and, after some well-timed flattery on her address and talents, he introduced the subject: he judg-
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ed too favourably to think any preface was necessary ; Mrs. Bellamy rejoiced, and knew the day was their own : The unhappy shame, which gave occasion to the reserve in Mr. Mortimer, she knew would undermine him in the esteem of his wife. In a beloved object, *women ever forgive* ; but want of confidence wounds one of their strongest passions ; not being *the first* in esteem, plucks from the heart love's fairest flower, and is *scarce ever pardoned*.

Mrs. Bellamy engaged in her new employment with the greatest pleasure. Mrs. Mortimer had the crime of superior beauty :—depraved minds will doubt that virtue of which they find themselves incapable.—Mrs. Bellamy, wholly subdued by the dominion of her own passions, was ever rallying the extreme innocence she certainly must be with such a *divine* fellow, as she termed Melancour :—The apparent warmth of affection and reciprocal tenderness (after many years marriage) she styl-
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led *farce*, either to deceive the husband, or, at least, the world; and would allow no more to that angel, in mind and person, Mrs. Mortimer, than, that “she played her part well.” We have already said, Mrs. Bellamy’s voice, and taste in music, was exquisite; her person not ungenteel; her manners perfectly gay; her face critically ugly, but animated by a pair of beautiful black eyes, full of passion: having no heart to give, she required none in return for her temporary intrigues: masculine in her principles, she formed not any distinction between Melancour, the most elegant, the most interesting of men, and Monsieur de Chèvre, who had no one merit to recommend him to her notice, but the likeness, we have already mentioned, to Major Melancour. The extreme flattery, and great assiduity of Monsieur de Chèvre, completed his conquest over Mrs. Bellamy: she permitted him “to love his hour, then mingled with the herd that went before.”——At the

masked ball, she had dressed herself exactly like Mrs. Mortimer, with hopes to place some of her indiscretions to a woman, from whom affection alone had power to charm to circumspection every action of her life. Mrs. Bellamy endeavoured to render herself, publickly, particular to Monsieur de Chèvre, (whom she found the whole room mistook for Melancour) rejoiced at his request to inform her of some very interesting event. She *led him* to the dressing-room of Mr. Mortimer, where he informed her of the plan, to take the town by surprize : a small degree of the female character of softness remained in her breast, and made her shed those tears of fondness, so unfortunate to the fame and happiness of Mrs. Mortimer.

The following scene was all confusion ; in which, we leave Mrs. Mortimer, still blessed with the supports of virtue ; religion, fortitude, and patience :—Well
might

might she say, * "My flesh and my heart
"faileth; but God is the strength of my
"heart. In the valley of the shadow of
"death I will fear no evil, for thou art
"with me."

We will leave the unhappy family at
Dudly Park a few moments, (which we
fear has been too *sombre* for many of our
younger readers, who have favoured us with
their attention) to acquaint *them*, there are
distresses which oppress the mind, when
apparently "blessed by fortune's bright-
est favours." We will assume the magic
of *le diable boiteux*, and, in one of Mr. Lu-
nardi's air-balloons, survey the environs
of Dudly Park.—

Sir Benjamin Pliant was walking, with
hasty strides, in a most elegant gallery, fur-
nished with pictures, statues, and a most va-
luable collection of books, of every author

* Dr. Blair's Sermons.

that could adorn a library, both antient and modern ; but Sir Benjamin had not the elegance of genius to taste a *Percy* ; give a tear to the *Sublime and Beautiful* ; *Fair Circassian* ; or, even humour to feel the brilliant wit of our modern *Congreve*. From the window he would have been furnished with the richest and most extensive prospect of his own estate ; all, alas ! lost on this unhappy man ;—the heated cheek, the enraged eye, a blow given to his favourite spaniel, discover a heart burning with displeasure :—the letter in his hand will shew us his unhappy fate :—two lines from the *Great Man*, to inform him, that not till next year, could he expect to be enrolled in the list of *Irish Peers*.—

On the right hand, a few steps carry us to the dressing-room of Miss Pliant, haranguing her trembling woman, *without* the voice of female softness :—the unpardonable creature has left upon her Ladyship's work-basket, and the little green marmoset

marmoset adorned his own person with six yards of her gauze brodé: fatal catastrophe! the first of favourites may hope to have his presumption pardoned;—the woman is instantly discharged.

Pandora has not yet exhausted her evils on this unhappy family:—In the next apartment, view the fair Penelope, pale with anger, (and want of rouge) lamenting over her elegant *beef-eater*,* just arrived from London, on the top of which an unthinking housekeeper had placed a jar of anchovies; broke the crown of the

* For the better information of future generations, and the ladies situated in remote villages, we inform them, that Beef-eater does not imply one of his Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, but a kind of a Hat worn by beautiful women, which might give a determined air to their softest charms, and keep presumption at a proper distance,—if the characteristic of the very young men of the present age, were not *indolence* and *blindness*, to youth, extreme beauty, and the most refined accomplishments.

new puffed beef-eater, and destroyed all the structure:—What was to be done? Le Brune had exhausted all her elegance, and must begin the arduous task once more:—Mademoiselle le Pangle, with the obliging attention of her country, came running with a tale of intelligence—
“ Ah me! dear Lady, vat you tink?—dare be Mademoiselle *Julia*, de daughter of Chevalier Mortimer; she be *attrupée* with de gardener’s boy;—she so in love!—*ah! certainment vrais* :”—“ My dear Le Pangle,” replied the heart-feeling Penelope, “ is it possible?” “ *Oui, oui*,” continued Mademoiselle, “ some do say, he be great gentleman--but that *not be true*: De Chevalier Mortimer try to kill him with de gun, and Mademoiselle *Julia*, she be in de great fit.” “ How charming;” exclaimed Penelope, “ there’s an end of the vain creature’s admiration from the men;—fly, my good Mademoiselle, to my sister, and inform her, we must visit Lady Dudley; and *politely plague* her with
her

her ill-judged partiality:—she is *triste* sufficiently, to make *me* pity her, but I shall like to mortify that conceited girl:—she is not *handsome*, Mademoiselle:” “Ha! she pale as de ghost—she be frightful: if I was de man, I see but one charming ladyé in all England:”—“Take that muslin levite,” replied Miss Penelope; “my dear Mademoiselle; you are a pleasant creature:—and hurry my sister.”—We will leave the ladies to their morning visit, to attend to the truly unhappy Lady Dudley: but first, we will give a few moments inspection at Mr. Frail’s.

Lady Betty Frail, (with a thousand disorders and complaints) scarce knew the state of her own health, till she had held out her fair hand to the friendly apothecary.—“How am I to-day?” was the usual question to Dr. Juniper. “Your Ladyship is rather inclined to nervous *affections*; hem! tremblings; palpitations of the heart; no rest;” continued the Doc-

for:—"Not an hour, good Doctor Juniper," replied Lady Betty: "I dosed on the couch; I made trinket, my woman, read the last new novel, * published by a lady, by subscription; she is very highly protected; I wish I had sent my name to some of her bookfellers: she is excellent at composing the spirits; I soon fell asleep:" "That is well," returned the Doctor; then the draught every four hours, a gentle emetic, and the bolus going to rest; with some"—Dr. Juniper was proceeding, when Mrs. Trinket announced Miss Hebe Lovely, a charming girl, and a very particular friend of Lady Betty's.—"Order your chaise, my dear creature," cried Miss Lovely; "Belcour's regiment is just marched into town, and we may have the chance to see our friend Charles:"—"Order the Phaeton and fix this moment," exclaimed Lady Betty, starting from the couch, "and bid

* Hist. of the Hon. Edward Mortimer.

La Tafe come to dress my hair." Lady Betty found her nervous affections vanished at the meer idea of being amused.—

"My dear Hebe, I never have seen Charles since I married; poor fellow! I really treated him very ill." Dr. Juniper waited a few moments, in hopes to relate the news of Dudley Park; as he considered himself as very entertaining: but Lady Betty had too much real good-nature; she expressed her concern any misfortune should happen to such an amiable woman as Lady Dudley, or her young friend. Doctor Juniper bowed, and consoled himself, with the draught every four hours, the emetic for the evening, and bolus for night; then assuring her Ladyship *air and exercise were mighty good*, left her to dress, for the dangerous pleasure of seeing the only man for whom she had ever felt the smallest degree of tenderness, which an unvaried round of dullness made her rush into for meer *amusement*: and we believe *this is the first step*, which frequently

ends in the loss of innocence and reputation.

The gentle Hebe felt her heart flutter for the same interesting Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom she had been exchanging some tender smiles: this she concealed in the recess of her heart, wishing Lady Betty as chaprone, and having entertained partial favour for Colonel Sidney, ever since the last races ball, was beginning to form an idea, that a sensible attachment to an agreeable man (every way her equal) might have a greater chance for happiness than a palace, a park, with nervous affections.

We beg leave to dispatch the ladies to their morning excursion, and return to Lady Dudley.

——The good Vicar, by his just praises, had restored tranquility to the breast of Lady Dudley; and Mr. Walder (the friend
of

of the young gentleman) had assured both that Mr. Brown was a man of amiable character and good fortune, and not (to his knowledge) disagreeable to Mr. Mortimer: of the attachment of the young people, he could say little, as he had never seen them together till that morning, when the fatal accident of the bursting of Mr. Brown's gun called forth the sensibility of Julia; but he joined with Lady Dudley in believing, their acquaintance must have been for some time:—Thus Mr. Walder, like a judicious confidant, told no one circumstance but what was already discovered, evading every truth, and left the young people to tell their own story.

Lady Dudley found Julia surprisingly better, owing (we must confess) to Lady Dudley's woman having just brought word, "Mr. Brown was in a fine sleep." Julia, *above* disguise, threw her arms about the neck of her faithful friend and kind protectress,

fectress, and *begged* to inform her *how* she became acquainted first with Mr. Brown.

Lady Dudley had a thousand maternal fears for her health and spirits ; but Julia felt both returned, in the restored life of this *first friend*, for whom she *meant* to *confess*, she had a most *sincere friendship* ; all the resolution of Julia vanished in the presence of Lady Dudley ; she found, to *speak* of the man she loved *impossible*, he was a treasure for her *heart*, not the subject of her *lips*. Lady Dudley well knew the feeling of the female breast, by the goodness of her own ; she praised Mr. Brown's person ; repeatedly expressed her hopes his wounds would soon be well. Julia gained courage—then again she was lost.—She loved her mother ; she prayed she died innocent ; Priscilla had told her a horrid story ; yet she hoped—and yet she prayed : —Lady Dudley saw the amiable conflict. To accuse a mother was a barbed arrow

to

to the heart. Lady Dudley requested her dear Julia would only endeavour to recollect from the time she lived with Mrs. Delaney, from whom she received so many useful and elegant instructions: Julia with a look of gratitude, prepared to begin a tale, simple as her own life of innocence.

History of JULIA MORTIMER, *and*
MR. BROWN.

“ I continued upwards of three years. With Mrs. Delaney; where, from her goodness, I received many female accomplishments: My father, as you know, Madam, had carried me to France and Italy in my infancy. I naturally, therefore, became mistress of the languages of both those countries: my father was pleased to return home: he lived near us: we saw him every day; and he continued to me his instructions in music and painting: dancing he never would suffer: he was of opinion, the less young people met, of different

ferent sexes, the better for their happiness: I did not care about young men, but I wished my father would have allowed me a little bird, which he said would engage too much of my time, from my exercises. I wanted something very much, to love; my flowers and plants amused me, but they were *not alive*, and could not return my caresses."

Lady Dudley embraced the sweet Julia, and she proceeded:——

"Mrs. Delaney was a most excellent woman for moral duties; her address was polished, from having lived in foreign courts. She kindly endeavoured to refine my behaviour, without depriving me of my native simplicity, and to take away the bashfulness, or, I believe, awkwardness of behaviour, with that total ignorance of the world, in which my father wished me ever to remain. Mrs. Delaney was anxious to convince him, that when

my heart came to be affected, (the natural consequence of youth) my not being informed what was delicacy, would lead my innocence a prey to the artful designing character.

“ I never felt interested in these discourses,” continued Julia, “ and always left them for my work, music, or painting. My father described young men as monsters, with the subtilty of the serpent, the fierceness of the tyger, and the tears of the crocodile. The appearance of the young men in the village never gave me any curiosity for their acquaintance : I continued to converse only with my father, and an old disabled officer, who taught me, at his own request, geography ; and who amused me by his vivacity, and extreme vanity of the remains of what had been, I believe, a very fine person.—My father obliged me to pay him the greatest attention ; reminding me of the lines of the modern beau : “ The scars of honour

nour best deserve the smiles of beauty."

"One evening when Mrs. Delaney was indisposed, and I was walking with this old officer, we met a recruiting-serjeant, and drum, dragging from the door of a cottage, a young country fellow: The cries of his wife and children, the distress of the man, who promised to go willingly, if they would allow him to stay with his wife but a few days, as she was brought to bed that morning of a fine boy, affected us:" "No, no," replied the serjeant, (with an oath) then our young captain will be returned—and his Honour's heart can never *gain*say a sick grandmother, or a weeping wife; even a sweetheart moves him: Come along, my lad, never *more* after wives and children, when the King, God bless him, wants such fine fellows for grenadiers."

"The

"The old officer *was all alive*; he told the man, (flourishing his only arm) a brave soldier would die for his King and country; that he must pull down the French, and return, perhaps, with a halbert to his wife:" I intreated *only* for a few days—"Not for the world," says the serjeant, (giving me a wink on the blind side of the Lieutenant :) My father coming up to us, I was made easy, as I knew the cause would turn on the side of mercy. Many people were by this time assembled. My father heard the merits of the man's plea; likewise, a particular good character of him, that he might be trusted, if he gave his word, to return and nurse his wife. My father spoke to the serjeant apart—then assuring the young man his daughter should see his wife two or three times a day:—the man went cheerfully with the serjeant, blessing my father for his goodness to him.

"I went,

“ I went, for ever, to see the poor woman, and was charmed with the beauty of her children, who grew very fond of me. I was playing one day with a little cherub, a boy of three years old, under a mulberry-tree, at the back of the house, when he ran from me, and was mightily taken with a young officer, who just entered the only room of the cottage, where the woman was giving the best proof of maternal love to her infant. I was charmed to hear him say, her husband would return in half an hour, that he had got another man to go for him : he gave her money ; and as I looked at him through the little window, I thought him very handsome ; and that he did not look subtle like a serpent, or fierce as a tyger.

“ He took my little play-fellow in his arms, and kissed him, the child caught at the nosegay the officer wore in his breast, and said, he would carry it to the lady — he put down the child, who came running

ning to me with the flowers, which I placed in my bosom : the young gentleman enquired of the mother, "What lady?" "An angel," replied the woman; "such another angel as yourself, who saved my life, and babes:—the little boy ran away again, and brought the young officer; (who has often said, he was introduced by the God of Love :) He seemed surprised, perhaps, at my bashfulness; I arose, but was much confused; he faltered so much, I did not understand him; at that moment a wasp was just going to settle on his face:—I never take the life of any thing, you know, Madam; but I thought I could have destroyed *that wasp*: as if the revengeful insect knew my intention, he fixed on my arm, and stung me; I screamed with anguish: the young woman ran to me; Mr. Brown sent the little girl for some oil, and bound up my arm in his white handkerchief:—I thought he was my brother, he was so very good:—Sure my father is too severe,

if

if he were to see this young officer, how gentle and kind he is to me, he would think better of young men. *These* my dear Lady Dudley, were your Julia's first reflections.—Mr. Brown walked over the two fields, and down the lane with me; when we came to our own stile, I dreaded to meet my father: I see, said he, I must not have the honour of going further. How could he tell that, Madam? for I did not say one word.—Might he come in the afternoon, to enquire how I did? Oh, no, no, was all I could articulate.—Then he would call on my father, at his *own* house.—I wished him a good morning, and hurried home.

“What has happened, Julia? says Mrs. Delaney, you look both frightened and pleased? I told her every thing; she only smiled. I went to put my flowers* in water, I felt anxious to preserve their

* Taken from Letters of the late Ld. Lyttleton.

beauty; I immediately painted them in water colours; I have worked them several times; and *this* is the *nosegay* that my father calls, "Julia's never-fading bouquet."

"The evening almost passed, and we had drank tea, when I saw him walk up the little lawn: Mr. Brown enquired for Mrs. Delaney, whom he first addressed; he then informed my father, he had been at his house, to return him thanks for the goodness he had shewn the recruit: to me he only bowed.—There were many musical instruments in the room, and he enquired if Miss Mortimer were a performer: "The worst in the world," replied my father, in a peevish accent. Mrs. Delaney (as she confessed to teaze my father) begged pardon, that she scarce ever heard a finer voice: that I had both taste and execution: Mr. Brown was too well-bred to request me to sing, though he gave me a look I perfectly understood.

He

He informed my father, he was going to London in two days, if he had any commands.—My father seemed pleased that he and the party were recalled : he bowed, and replied, if Mr. Brown loved music, I should convince him, how flattering my friend Mrs. Delaney had spoke of my abilities.—Our little concert was immediately formed; every instrument was the same to my father : Mr. Brown performed in a masterly manner, on the flute, only : we sung several duets : my father appeared highly pleased with Mr. Brown; and our strawberries and cream were announced, of which Mrs. Delaney requested Mr. Brown to partake : he declined, till my father insisted it was too late for any other engagement : Sure this was the most charming agreeable evening I ever spent in my life.

The next morning, Mrs. Delaney very seriously told me that I must not think of going to the cottage while Mr. Brown

Brown stayed in the country; that to meet him there was both improper and indelicate: I was very happy, and promised I would not: Mrs. Delaney assured me, she would herself call on the woman: My father took his rods for fishing, and I retired to the harbour of honeysuckles and jessamin, to finish the painting of my favourite nosegay; I had not been long employed before-I heard a rustling in the leaves; I was going to be alarmed, but Mr. Brown intreated my patience, I cannot tell how the time went, but on looking at my watch, I found I had been near two hours, and that my father was getting out of the boat: Mr. Brown went again through the arbour, and got into a sunk fence, which he ran along like a wounded partridge. I accused myself for having any concealment from the best of fathers: but Mr. Brown had made it his particular request.—How wonderful! a new acquaintance could have any influence over my mind;

I have

I have often reflected on this circumstance, and been highly displeased with myself.

“ After tea, my father waited on Mr. Brown, and brought him back to supper, and we had again music; Mr. Brown paid my father great court; was all attention to Mrs. Delaney; and to me he scarce spoke: I began to see a little of the serpent; he held a piece of paper in such a direction, that if I had not taken the note, my father must, in an instant, have seen it; terrified to death, I put it in my pocket.

“ The letter contained many protestations of *eternal love*, and to beg that drawing of the flowers, which he would place ever before his eyes; to entreat a lock of my hair, without which, he could *not live*; that he would call to take leave the next morning; that unless I consented to comply with his humble request, I should finally

ly put an end to the life of a man who
lived *only for me*, and was till death,
the faithful

HENRY.

“ I had wished him to have that drawing, but a lock of hair I thought too great a favour. When I considered the dreadful situation of being sick, and his losing his life of a violent fever, at the *next* post town; I wondered how I could be so proud and so ill-tempered, to make him in danger of breathing his last for a lock of hair, which I cut, and wrapt up in the drawing of the bouquet: I did not write, however: I really thought that was too much; and I remembered, Mrs. Delaney had frequently said, there was more mischief in a pen and ink, than in twenty fiddles.

“ Mr. Brown came the next morning to take leave; I gave my little present, which I found he had not quite despaired of, from a note he returned, in which was a

locket he had sent seventeen miles for, with a motto, "*a vous seul*," and a lock of his hair. My father, he said, mentioned his having business soon in town, that then he should return to that part of the country, on a visit to his friend Sir William Easy; that the moment he was of age, he should request his guardian's consent to make proposals (with my permission) to my father.

"Mrs. Delaney, for some days, exclaimed against the imprudence of girls never failing to find perfections in the first young man who flattered their self-love: that to their *vanity* they owed many indiscretions, even to the folly of suffering them to take locks of their hair, for which favour, they might rest assured, they were made ridiculous, as the faithful *enamoureds* would have thought it Gothic constancy not to have exhibited a rapid succession of Cupid's ringlets, of every shade of brown,

in his diamond locker, and prove at once his ton and infidelity.

“I was intimidated by this raillery. Mrs. Delaney, possibly, thought to remove any impression Mr. Brown had made; by which she lost that affectionate confidence, and the due weight her advice and judgment would have found in points of greater moment.

“The eldest son of Lord Revel came to spend a few weeks with Sir William Easy. Mr. Buckley was formed to please, and had just taken possession of a large fortune, in right of his uncle, the younger brother of Lord Revel: he was only a few months returned from India, from whence he had (for his relations) brought immense wealth—and for himself, the last stage of a consumption.—†

“Lady Easy and Mrs. Delaney never had his name from their lips; they wound-

ed my delicacy by the triumph they expressed at my *good fortune*.—I wished I had had a sister, I would have resigned him with pleasure : every moment of my life was engaged with my little diamond locket, and my drawing of the favourite nose-gay in water-colours.

“ My father mentioned Mr. Buckley’s proposals to me.—“My beloved child,” continued he, “ on this subject I can only give advice : God forbid I should assume the authority of a father, in a point upon which your own breast must decide. My Julia, I hope, ever places in her view the character of a woman of honour, superior to the dissimulation of returning the love and generosity of a worthy man, with a cold and inanimate heart, on which his *wealth* only has made an impression : Your mind, I hope, has delicacy for this distinction ; you must consider your fortune small ; that adulation waits on wealth ; and when a few years are past,

rest

rest satisfied with the name of IDIOT, by those prudent merchandizing females, who even sell themselves, *perjured*, at the foot of the *altar*.——

“ These sentiments, to which my heart beat in unison, were near throwing me at the feet of my father, where I meant to confess every feeling in that breast, where his goodness had made concealment impossible ; when we were interrupted by the old Lieutenant :—I left my father, with even more duty, love, and gratitude, than ever.

“ My father went in a few days to town : his last words were, “ remember you are polite, Julia :” though not any thing further had been added to the subject of the honour of Mr. Buckley’s proposal, I perfectly understood what my father meant, to guard me against that slippantry of speech some very young ladies think becoming, and which he deemed both inde-

licate and ill-bred. I rejoiced in this perfect liberty, and I hope I acquitted myself properly : Mr. Buckley left that part of the country, as he said, the most unhappy of men. Mrs. Delaney renewed her sarcasms of young girls fancying men attached, who never think of them after the first week's absence; then only as a new beauty for a toast;—that these ridiculous whims prevent their taking the advantage to form proper establishments; but since this favoured the female policy my father mentioned, I gave very little attention, and the rather as at this period I received a letter, to assure me of the unalterable love of Mr. Brown, and that he would return in a few days; who, when he arrived, was received very coldly by Mrs. Delaney, scarce with politeness. I did not see him for two days; Mrs. Delaney not being well, lived in her dressing-room, and kept me with her, on one pretence or other. Tired to death, I strolled out, and accidentally met Mr. Brown;

our

our absence was painful, and we agreed to meet every morning at the cottage, where Mr. Brown's recruit lived; an hour was scarce one moment; we prepared long letters, which we mutually exchanged: near three months passed in this manner. Mrs. Delaney frequently looked very wise, and I saw her suppress a smile: I have been of opinion she knew every circumstance:—Priscilla told me, she was perfectly acquainted with the drawing, and lock of hair which she had missed when she dressed me, and informed Mrs. Delaney of. A ball was proposed by subscription, at the largest inn; the young ladies, my companions, were astonished I never learned to dance, and considering me in other respects, accomplished, they taught me themselves, and I was far from an ill performer. Mrs. Delaney grew polite to Mr. Brown, and gave leave for him to be my partner the whole night. I never was so happy. We had just begun to dance with fresh spirits after tea,

when my father entered; I thought he looked much disconcerted, and I feared he was displeased at my dancing; *this* he did not in the least express, but spoke very politely to Mr. Brown: we danced no more, and it was not long before we returned home: My father wished me good night, and went into Mrs. Delaney's dressing-room.

“The next morning my father tapped at my door:—“How is my beloved Julia?” said he, (embracing me with tears in his eyes;) I assured him of perfect health. “Put on your riding-habit, Julia,” continued my father: “I have endeavoured to make my child happy *her own way*—but it is impossible;—oh! *impossible*,” exclaimed my father, (stamping his foot with passion,) then softening, with a voice scarce articulate, between rage and tenderness. “You must see Mr. Brown no more, Julia:—renounce him *for ever*.”—“Ha! what has he done?” replied

plied your wretched Julia.—“ Julia hear me,” cried my father, (with a look, in which frenzy was strongly painted): “ *hear me, Julia!*—never see him more; or expect thy father (by his own hand) in a deluge of blood at thy feet.” I threw myself on my knees before him, with streaming eyes and lifted up hands, exclaiming, “ I do renounce him—hate him—never will think of him more—Oh! my father, what can he have done?” My father raised me up, shedding torrents of tears; I felt a father’s tears, Madam. “ Compose yourself, Julia, my darling child, poor Brown is unfortunate, but not guilty; change of place and absence may do much.” We endeavoured to recover ourselves; my father left me soon after. Without knowing what I did, I went into the garden, and met the unfortunate Henry: I screamed with terror: “ Fly,” I cried; “ never must I see or think of you more.” I fainted on one of the benches: when I opened again my eyes, and beheld a face pale

with distress, watching my return to life :
I strove to rise, but sunk thro' weakness :
" Somebody has belied thee to my father"
—Gaining a ray of hope from the idea
of a *falsehood*.—"How!" exclaimed Brown,
(starting on his feet, and glowing with
indignation) "belied me!—and does
Julia not wish me to vindicate myself?"
continued he, haughtily. The terror of
such a spirit meeting my father's was too
much to support ; I fainted in his arms :—
Wholly subdued by my situation, he cried,
" My Julia ! the father of Julia shall spurn
me at his feet : " the tears at the same
time flowing from his eyes. For these
promises I thought I owed him much, and
said, I would endeavour to discover the
mystery :—that my father spoke of him
with tenderness, and I was certain loved
him—that all might yet be well.—I then
left him, more composed, and flew to my
father, who was discoursing with the old
Lieutenant, apparently better. I took
leave of Mrs. Delaney, who embraced
me

me with maternal tenderness :—"My Julia,"—said that worthy woman, "these new distresses might have been spared ;"—but Mr. Mortimer's opinion was, that Mr. Brown merited his Julia ;—and his words were, "Let them love one another." I embraced Mrs. Delaney, shedding tears in her bosom, and the chaise drove up to the door—my spirits sunk—all is over, cried my desponding heart. We were just taking our last farewell of Mrs. Delaney, when one of the leaders plunged and broke his traces—at that moment a wounded soldier came bowing to my window : My father had ever compassion to the tale of a man who could thus fatally prove he had been *brave*.—The soldier spoke modestly, and made little boast of a face covered with scars : my father gave him money : they opened the chaise door, to take a cord to mend the trace, and Juba, my faithful Juba, jumped in, overwhelming me with his caresses.—"The dog appears to know you," said

said my father:—" Ah, your Honour," replied the poor soldier, " he is my dog, he would be *main lucky* to have such a fine mistress." " Will you have him, Julia ?" cried my father; " give the poor fellow five shillings, he is a fine dog !" Fortunately Mrs. Delaney engaged my father's attention, or I was sinking with my fears: I gave the amiable Harry a medal he had often requested in vain, of my mother's, and after exchanging the last looks, never forgot by lovers, we drove off full speed.

" My father caressed the dog very much; the compliment he paid me in allowing me this favourite was evident. My father, with all his infinite powers of pleasing strove to amuse me: I blush to add, he did not succeed—but I endeavoured to appear grateful.—

" We travelled for near six weeks, seeing every thing worth observation,
never

never resting two days in a place:—at last we came to this village, which I have reason to believe had been long desired, as we found Priscilla had been waiting for us some time, at the inn, with our cloaths and baggage.

“ We took our cottage, Madam ; one twelvemonth have I had the blessing of your friendship and kind protection ; in which time I received only one letter from Mr. Brown, and never have had it in my power to renew the conversation with my father. I believe he saw the subject impressed on my countenance, for his face immediately wore a sternness which rendered me dumb.

“ As I was sitting on the bench, (the evening Lady Betty Frail brought the party to cards) the air being refreshing after the heat of the room, I was accosted by a peasant, who I immediately knew to be Mr. Brown : he had wrote me several letters :

letters: on his coming of age, he begged permission of his guardian, had obtained full leave, but was told much caution was necessary with Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudley; that on coming into this part of the country, he found the former absent, and meant the next day to introduce himself to Lady Dudley: after he had talked a considerable time, the moon broke from under a cloud, and discovered Mrs. Winter coming up to us. I had not received his permission to discover him, and waited till I received leave. You know the rest, my dear Madam, continued the fair Julia, and by what a fatal accident Mr. Brown was introduced to your acquaintance.

“ Lady Dudley embraccd Julia; assured her she would endeavour to remove every prejudice, and bid her hope for happiness, while she *could hope*——involuntarily Lady Dudley sighed—and then again kissed

fed the gentle Julia, leaving her to the care of her attendants.

“Lady Dudley found the Vicar reading a letter from Mr. Mortimer, which he had just received, and was coming to communicate the contents, which were as follow:—

“With speed flew the chaise, my worthy friend, to carry me from all I hold dear on earth. But when I considered the strong reason I had to hope it was to realize, and render more durable, to my long-tormented heart, a character exalted by never-fading virtues, I blessed the rapid haste. I arrived in town about three, after so many hours in the chaise, I ordered it round to Jermyn-Street, and chose to walk across the park: Almost the first person I saw was Bellamy, whom I knew in America: he had long got the start of me in military preferment, and gained a regiment, but by what good fortune I was a stranger.

a stranger. The meeting of old friends is pleasant; I found him the same careless good-humoured fellow as ever. Time seemed to have forgot to write care or sorrow on his brow.—He was overjoyed to see me, and was just going to the House. “You seem surprised, Mortimer,” cried he, as I have no qualification:—never mind that, man: party all:—let Bellamy alone—Vicar of Bray for me—come and eat your soup with us, and I will shew you ‘how we soldiers live,’ that is, who know the world. In Berkley-Square, at six, I shall expect you.—Mrs. Bellamy” (continued this gay fellow) “is much at your service—ever blooming—the best lilies and roses of Warren’s merchandize. I shall see you at six.—How do I do all this? why, I *consider the ways and means*,—obey orders like an old soldier, and drink claret.” He then left me, to refresh and dress for the dinner party, when I found a large house, good establishment, an incomparable well-served table, and Mrs. Bellamy,

Bellamy, all politeness and gaiety ; if any thing younger for the time that had elapsed. Company came in the evening, who stayed supper : I stole away at three, just as they were making a bank at faro.

“ Desirous to pursue my journey, I shall set forward the moment I have finished this letter.

“ Many a sigh do I send to Dudley Park. My Julia I hope is well ; I durst not interpret my wishes ; but make my respects, my worthy friend, to Lady Dudley and tell her——Oh ! no it is impossible, Adieu ! adieu ! the chaise waits.

Ever yours,

EDWARD MORTIMER.”

“ The carnation bloom was in the cheek of Lady Dudley on reading this letter ; but she *only* said, Mr. Mortimer appeared in better spirits than he had been for some time.

“ Some

“Some days passed, and Mr. Brown, by escaping a fever, was enabled to sit up and receive a visit from the ladies : every day he appeared more amiable to Lady Dudley ; and she no longer felt surprize at her young friend’s partiality in his favour, since his extreme beauty was the least of his perfections ; candour and rectitude were ever visible in all his actions, and he discovered that glorious simplicity of unsuspecting youth.

“ Mr. Brown spoke with tenderness and respect of his parents, whose loss he had amply repaid by his guardian’s great goodness ; that his pecuniary obligations were uncommon ; ten thousand pounds was his original fortune ; that his guardian had laid out this to the very best advantage, educating him at his own expence, and which had made his fortune double ; that why this great and good man should wish to conceal his conduct, and name, from people so truly munificent as Mr.

Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudley, was a mystery he could not divine. The Vicar was not without his suspicions, that the father might take the name of guardian, who, knowing Mr. Mortimer's character only by report; had formed a wish that the young man's uncommon attractions might prejudice them first in his favour, before the unfortunate circumstance of his being illegitimate was discovered. The worthy Vicar sighed, that the 'sins of the fathers on the children were verified;' he felt an additional pity for the amiable Brown, determined to serve him to the utmost with Mr. Mortimer.—Thus it is, that the truly great mind ever sees the misfortunes in which guilt has no share, and to which piety and virtue are the first to lend a fostering hand.

“Peace and cheerfulness again reigned at Dudley Park; Mr. Brown had left his chamber, and not any remains were visible of his wounds; but on the handsomest forehead

forehead in the world, a long black patch, which, as a soldier, might pass for a scar of honour; their concerts were renewed with spirit, from the additional assistance of Mr. Brown, nor was Mr. Walder himself wanting either in taste or execution. The whole neighbourhood paid their visits, from different motives, in which curiosity had some share; concealment is ever contemptible, and people are willing to give every allowance to lovers, when they are certain nothing is hid from their inspection. Julia's disguised peasant was approved, and thought justified by the men; and by the ladies he was esteemed polished by the graces, in which, neither duplicity, art, or dissimulation, claim any part. The good-humoured Lady Betty Frail spoke highly in his praise; she was in the first stage of coquetry with her agreeable Colonel. Miss Hebe Lovely was enchanted at seeing the same Colonel so frequently, through Lady Betty; and not yet sufficiently interested, to let the
fear

·fear of jealousy bear a share in her attachment. Colonel Sidney felt himself of consequence to two fine women, and he spent his time very pleasantly ; heart he had none, but he had the appearance of sentiment : while the ladies were serious, he was diverting himself, leaving to them the determination in what manner. He was very polite to Mr. Brown, and requested the honour of his acquaintance ; thought him a handsome and elegant young fellow, but in his private opinion, a mere novice for marrying any girl without a fortune ; knew to an hour the time his love would last, and had even set down the intended Mrs. Brown, in a list of his future conquests. Sir Benjamin Pliant scarcely recovered from his disappointment of *Irish Peerage*, hardly knew what the circumstance was, which appeared to interest every person. Miss Pliant and Miss Penelope, were *obliged* to rejoice, but they still had hopes something would happen, that might give them the supreme consolation
of

of pitying, instead of envying the people they nominally called friends.

“ The good Vicar, seeing a prospect of happiness to all those he loved, felt truly the general joy, and which he communicated to Mrs. Winter, assuring her, it was in her power to add to his felicity. Mrs. Winter had too much good sense to assume affectation; they were married without parade:—content with being happy they left the pageantry of appearance for that time of life to which it was more suitable, and where vanities are excusable—youth, beauty, and influence.

“ While peace and tranquility reign at Dudly Park within the breast of some, the fair mistress was not without her anxious fears; she endeavoured to banish Mr. Mortimer from her thoughts; every moment some incident brought to her view, his disinterestedness, generosity, and charity. Without intending she perused the volumes he admired, remembered

ed his criticisms, flew to her harpsichord, —there she recollected only his composition, played every piece with *his* taste, sung his favourite airs, and relieved her oppressed heart with a flood of tears.

“ At breakfast the letter arrived ; one from Mr. Mortimer was delivered ; the Vicar read the letter to himself ; the perturbation of Lady Dudley’s mind was inexpressible ; the Vicar smiled, and she was happy. “ A letter from my friend Mortimer, who is detained on the road ; but his own words will best account for the delay, and I hope will remove all the difficulties of my young friends.” Julia trembled, and Mr. Brown intreated him, with impatience, to proceed. The good Vicar, after wiping his spectacles, with the deliberation of an old man read as follows :—

“ I am detained, my worthy friend, by the breaking of my chaise, and obliged to stop within fifty miles of Edinburgh,

burgh, at a hamlet, which scarce deserves the name of village. The evening was cold and rainy; I determined to rest for the night; I was sitting down to write, when I overheard the following discourse, which I will venture to hope, may be productive of bringing to light, a circumstance, to give joy and happiness to us all."——“I ken weel the bra lad will die,” was spoke with the accent of mine host. “Marry forbid,” quoth mine hostess,—“what, die! and leave a long bill unpaid; I think of other-guess matters, than outlandish folks coming to Scotland to get themselves *buried*:—no, no, I’ll out with him, dead or alive, to morrow, as I am a gentlewoman.”——“Nae, nae, my gude lassie,” returned the good-natured Sawney, “gie him a jill of wine and a toast.”——“Wine!” exclaimed his gentle helpmate, “wine, truly:—let him come down this moment and pay his bill;—almost forty good shillings:—let him pay that, I say, or no wine gets he;—no, nor that cock-a-leaky,

a-leaky, which the old mangey hound will not touch." I should have broken in upon this monster, in the form of a woman, but that I wished to hear my host's answer, who, with great mildness, replied,—
"But, Polly, the poor faul can't live a week."—"More shame for him," replied the hyena; "what, die! and not pay people their own!"—I could hear no more, but flung open the door, from whence proceeded the voice, expecting to see a wretched hag, grown old with avarice and age: I was surprised, to find the wench a buxom dame about five and twenty: Sawney, a brawny Scot, twice her years. I redoubled my sternness, and demanded where the sick person was? The man attempted to excuse his wife; that the gentleman had been long sick at their house, and had spent all his money; that now he went on score, they were obliged to put him into a worse room; that he wanted for nothing; that he only wished to live to see Colonel Melancour:

at that hated name I started : I ordered them to carry me to the room ; I was shewn into a dark chamber, where there was something they called a bed, on which there lay a dying wretch, without candle or fire, wrapped in a great coat : the spectre fixed his glaring eyes on me, he pronounced the name of *Mortimer*, and fainted. I had not the smallest recollection. Having previously given orders for my bedchamber to be prepared for the sick person ; and with the help of my servant, removed him, while insensible, to the warm bed, and administered a cordial from my own chest, he opened his eyes again, called on my name, and with great difficulty, intreated my forgiveness ; giving me to understand, he had greatly injured me. I intreated him only to think of the recovery of his health ; promised not to leave him, till I saw him better, and begged him, if possible, to pronounce his name ; in an attitude of supplication, he repeated the unhappy *De Chèvre*, immediately

mediately fainting, and I thought was expiring. My imagination formed the whole; the likeness deceived me to Melancour: the joy that sprung to my heart at the thought he was innocent, was the best proof my love was not wholly obliterated: but what then was my wife? more guilty, if possible, than ever. I could have plunged my sword into his bosom: one moment's reflection brought me to my reason. To attend the couch of a sick friend, is luxury to the mind; and the receiving ease and comfort from a beloved object, the only consolation the heart is capable of feeling, in the distress of illness; but to attend a person who has injured us, religion puts in her claim, and it is necessary, to recollect the command to force us to our duty. How we shall acquit ourselves of rendering ill offices to each other, in the room of social virtue, at the last great day, a merciful Redeemer only can judge. I recovered from the warmth of my temper long before poor

Monfieur

Monsieur De Chèvre was restored to his senses, and had determined to wait the fate of this unhappy man.

“ I foresee every difficulty removed for Mr. Brown and my Julia, nor can I have any objection to a man, whose manners charmed me, when a stranger to his name or connexion. The affinity he bears to the friend of my heart, Melancour, will ever render him dear to me, and I can no longer reject his alliance, highly as I prize my darling Julia.—From the rectitude of this young man’s character, I think she has more chance for happiness than in titled wealth:—If he has renewed his visit to Sir William Easy, which was his intention, leave to the young people, my good friend, the eclaircissement. Julia is above the caprices her sex are accused of; and Mr. Brown superior to the folly of making those caprices *necessary*; this we are told by the ladies, in excuse for their variety of whims. Here let me
indulge

indulge my heart, by doing justice to the exalted character of Lady Dudley,—the effeminate softness of that lovely woman does not prevent her fortitude, magnanimity, and candour. In Lady Dudley, virtue charms with all her attractive powers of graces, and leaves to the faint *imitators* to build on their fabric of a day, subject to every blast! Ah! why sinks my heart, at the thoughts of the perfections of this charming friend? No more of that:—I purpose waiting the event, a few days, of Monsieur De' Chèvre's life, by that means, shall be enabled to hear from you, and the place which contains my earthly treasure.—Monsieur De Chèvre desires to see me; the post blowing his horn, reminds me of sealing my letter, I have only time to add, that

I am ever yours,

EDWARD MORTIMER.

K 3

“Lady

“ Lady Dudley concealed her blushes this letter gave occasion to, in the warmth of her congratulation to Julia. It is needless to express the raptures of Mr. Brown, or that he no longer was obliged to suppress the name of his generous guardian, Colonel Melancour;—by which the Vicar and Lady Dudley were better acquainted than himself to define the motive of his tenderness: this they forbore to mention, from a point of delicacy, and the first rule of politeness or good nature—the fear of giving pain.—Mr. Melancour had long married the amiable widow of the Earl of C——, and Mr. Brown was that son for whom he expressed so much affection, in the beginning of this volume, when he discovered his attachment to *Louisa*, now Countess of C——. The exemplary conduct of this Lady’s life proved her indiscretion did not proceed from a depravity of heart; but no persuasion could prevail on her to let Mr. Brown be informed of this important secret. He
thought

thought himself uncommonly fortunate in two such friends, who caressed him like parents, but were obliged to deprive themselves of the duty of an amiable son: and he chose for him a name so common, that it gave him not any claim to particular families. Mr. Melancour had put him early in the army, and consigned him to the care and inspection of his particular friend Mr. Ciscel, dreading the consequence of his extreme beauty on the mind of three daughters they had by their marriage, who were infinitely lovely, and, with the innocence of angels, might have felt too strong an affection for Mr. Brown; the fear of which had deprived Lady G—— of her son's society for the last four years; nor could Mr. Melancour consent to his being sent into the world, at that early period, without the benefit of a regular family: Mr. Ciscel took this part, and Mr. Brown was not (like many unfortunate young men) thrown into life in the age of extreme youth, to spend half his life in fol-

ly, and take the chance of reflection from a dissipated fortune. Not any thing could give them greater satisfaction than an alliance with the daughter of Mr. Mortimer; Julia, Mr. Melancour had remembered in America; she then promised to be very handsome, and he foresaw a reconciliation, which, while there were any doubts on the mind of Mr. Mortimer, was impossible to efface. The event he left to that Providence, who can "bring good out of evil;" and relying on his innocence, and the conscious dignity of a man of honour, was determined to wait a decision he could not fear.

"The lovers were in a situation the most pleasing; their difficulties removed; they had only to prepare for the ceremony which was to confirm their happiness. Lady Dudley gave Julia some rules for her conduct:—That she must be content with a worthy, affectionate, and agreeable man, not expect a faultless angel; that

that she would find *patience of use*, and *blindness necessary*;—many would envy her felicity, and in those numbers, not a few would endeavour to render her miserable; that these would appear under the mask of intimacy and particular friendship; but that she must see as enemies these invaders of her peace; that she must have no *confidantes*; guard, with the greatest care, from their knowledge, any little disagreement, which their skill would attempt to widen; but above all, she must banish mean suspicion, and that monster Jealousy, the destroyer of matrimonial happiness.

“Lady Dudley embraced the innocent, amazed, and lovely Julia, and sincerely prayed she might *ever* have reason to *doubt* her maxims; every idea of which vanished the moment Mr. Brown appeared. How could she then wish for *blindness*?—Patience! what was she to endure from a man whose study was ever to please? *Sickness*

was a new motive for her tenderness; if he were a little peevish, she allowed him so far; pain might occasion it, and sure that was little to bear.—Jealousy! what was that? people must be old and ugly before they were *jealous*.—Julia surveyed a form, which assured her, for many years, the power of attraction, and the soothing flattery of her lover gave confirmation to every hope.

“ For more than a month this happy family remained in an enviable state of felicity which the worthy only can experience. The Vicar answered Mr. Mortimer's letter, and began to be uneasy: this however he only communicated to his faithful partner, Mrs. Cassock; Lady Dudley's own fears were painful; when the post arrived, and a number of letters were delivered to them at breakfast: the Vicar tore the seal of Mr. Mortimer's, his hand trembled: he cast a look at Lady Dudley, and saw the pale face of patient misery:
the

the tears rushed to his eyes, which he hid by going to the window, and saw their horses come to the door:—"I cannot ride this morning," said the worthy Vicar to Mr. Brown, "but let me not hinder you and Julia, and Mr. Walder." They understood they *were to go*, and immediately left the room.

"Of what am I to be informed, my worthy friend," cried Lady Dudley:—tell me Mr. Mortimer is well:—for me it matters not. The Vicar presented her with the following letter, hardly legible, and as well as the mist before her eyes would permit, she read as follows:—

To LADY DUDLEY.

"My wife is innocent, Lady Dudley: your virtue will exult at this conviction, and your justice command me, to take my sick and faded Emilia to my breast. I have transcribed the narrative to our
worthy

worthy friend the Vicar:—Julia will embrace a tender mother: and when a little strength is lent Mrs. Mortimer, I hope to present this admirer of your exalted goodness; till when, I remain, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

EDWARD MORTIMER."

——“Heaven is just,” said Lady Dudley, after a pause.—“Poor lady! what misery must she have suffered in the loss of such a husband, and such a child.—Ah! I am sick at heart.—Lady Dudley fainted on the bosom of her faithful friend. The good Vicar intreated his Harriet not to ring for the servants, and they administered to her every restorative in their power. When the worthy Vicar saw Lady Dudley coming to herself, he left the room, and she indulged the weakness of human nature in a flood of tears. “I have no deceit to regret,” reassumed
Lady

Lady Dudley—"Mr. Mortimer is a man of honour : I feel the want of prudence." Her friend would not suffer her to dwell on this point of self-reproach. Lady Dudley's constitution was delicate : the agitation that her spirits had been in for some time, had shook her tender frame. She had a feeling, which is a consolation to the religious mind,—the hope of death. This thought she was unwilling to torment her friends with. She intreated the worthy Vicar to keep the contents of the letter a secret, for a few days. Julia had been always told, by her father, that her mother was dead, that she was acquainted further, as to her behaviour, was the tattling Priscilla's information : that she was to have an innocent mother restored, must certainly afford the highest satisfaction, but a short time could make no difference ; and Lady Dudley would be the better enabled to bear the spirits of a general joy :—Thus determining, she begged the wife of the worthy Vicar, whom she well knew,
never

never to leave her : she had had the comfort of a real friend, where her thoughts were safe to communicate.

“ Determined to support her fame from the sport of the malicious, she was enabled to do the honours of her table, with only the complaint of a nervous head-ache, Mr. Walder, of whom we have scarce made any mention but as the companion of Mr. Brown, was a man of family, who had been in possession of an estate of two thousand a year, which he had dissipated, and was equally happy with the few hundreds his creditors allowed him. The depth of his understanding was the narrative of the day, which he told with some degree of humour : he lived mostly with people of fortune, because they *lived best*; —but without any attachment to their persons ; he knew all the genealogy of every family, the anecdotes of scandal, could play a good hand at whist, understood a little of music, and had the

the behaviour of a gentleman, with a person merely negative: he had formed pretensions to Lady Dudley; he had penetration to see something had happened to the old veteran, for he considered Mr. Mortimer in that light; enumerating the good fortune that Lady Dudley would find in so agreeable a person as *himself*; he took a stroll in Dudley Park to form his plan for alterations:—cut down large trees to let in the north wind; built temples sacred to contemplation, where his associates *never thought*; ordered immediate death to all the old horses, who by their kind mistress were permitted to run the rest of their lives in Dudley Park; turned out the present tenants, and let, at a large rent, the number of elegant cottages Lady Dudley had built, for people who had seen better days; and as it was possible he might have low spirits to encounter, he determined, with generosity, to allow her five hundred a year, (from as many thousands :) that she should have
the

the choice to live with her old friend ; but if she behaved well, and approved of every thing he did, he would promise (as the woman had rather good looks) to introduce her to all his *acquaintance*.

“ We are of opinion, that it was unfortunate Lady Dudly was not acquainted with these favourable sentiments of Mr. Walder, as they would have been of more efficacy than all Dr. Juniper’s nervous medicines, and roused her gentle spirit from tender sorrow, to the use of the sharpest arrows of satirical wit.

“ The worthy Vicar and his Lady both watched over Lady Dudly’s declining health ; his intelligence had been made public. Julia rejoiced in an innocent mother, who brought her *no disgrace*—then by her caresses of Lady Dudly, explained the feelings of her heart, to which she durst not give utterance. Mr. Brown intreated to know the wicked incendiary ;
his

his request was vain.—Leave them to the punishment of heaven, was the judgment of the pious Priest; the young soldier was for anticipating its vengeance, snatching from the hand of a still merciful God, a wretch, who could only expect *eternal misery*.

“ It is needless to add, that Lady Dudley was not present at these conversations. Mr. Walder thought he could foretel *her* future happiness; he therefore gave his benevolent heart leave to pity Mr. Mortimer, a man who had so lately been the object of his highest envy; and thought some little share was due to Mrs. Mortimer, who had spent full a dozen years mourning the loss of both husband and child: this was a subject Mr. Walder was very fond of, without feeling one single circumstance; he could ape, to perfection, the most tender sensations; call forth the fluid into his eyes, throw them up to heaven, and

and pass for a character of the greatest compassion and benevolence.

Lady Dudley never requested the sight of the Vicar's letter from Mr. Mortimer; that Mrs. Mortimer was innocent was sufficient for her to know: curiosity, Lady Dudley could have none, and she felt it would near cost her life, for the imprudence of not being, in their early acquaintance, informed of his connexions. Mrs. Caffock had not the same motive, and she intreated of the Vicar Mr. Mortimer's letter, which was as follows:

“Wonder not, my worthy friend, at my silence. I am just recovered from a violent fever, which a number of cruel circumstances threw me into. My poor Emilia is innocent: deceptions, that would have misled a man less tenacious of his honour, were practised on me, but I will endeavour to be regular. In my last, I broke off at Monsieur De Chèvre's request-

requesting to see me.—I found him worse.—“While life is lent me,” exclaimed the dying man, taking my hand, and shedding tears, “let me exculpate the innocent.—I thought Mrs. Mortimer was dead; she has been excluded from the world for years; in the house of her friend the Countess of C——, a few weeks since, I was informed of this, by that *fiend* of iniquity Mrs. Bellamy; who, when I was a prisoner in America, subjected me to be instrumental to her infernal plots against that angel of goodness, to Col. Melancour, (who is my brother, and was the object of your jealousy.) Ah! why did I suffer that woman to take the advantage of my fondness for her, and draw me to your dressing room the night of the masked ball, where she was in the *exact habit* of Mrs. Mortimer, and, I found afterwards, taken for her by you; as I was, by the whole room, for Melancour.”

“Go

“Go on,” I cried, to this miserable man; “curse me with your intelligence, and let me see all the injustice I have done my unhappy wife.” Monsieur De Chèvre proceeded :—

“You know the rest: the taking of the town, Melancour being desperately wounded, the report of your death, and lastly, the loss of the child,—these accumulated evils made me wonder how Mrs. Mortimer could live, and made me give credit to her death. Monsieur de Chèvre (the worthy man I had so little right to call father) died, and left me a considerable fortune. I visited England, and once more fell under the magical powers of Mrs. Bellamy: they kept a faro bank, after some fluctuations of chance, I lost my whole fortune; no terms were then worth keeping; I was insulted:—With only a few guineas I set out for Scotland, to my Brother Melancour: I did not doubt relief from his goodness: I was taken ill;
am

am now near spent.—If the word of a dying man can gain credit, be assured of the innocence of Mrs. Mortimer.”—

Quite exhausted, he appeared to have breathed his last, in saying these words.

—The torture of my mind is not to be expressed; my blood boiled in my veins; perceiving the approach of a violent fever, I dispatched a few hasty lines to Melancour: this long-lost friend flew to me, accompanied by my forgiving Emilia: She found me in a raging fever; and she would not suffer me to plead my pardon; but, in her gratitude to heaven, obliterated every remembrance of my offence. Monsieur De Chèvre lived for some days, and repeated his narrative, with the numberless arts that were used.—That such wretches exist, must be by the permission of Providence, doubtless for some wise purpose; perhaps, to shew the vanity of human understanding; submission is therefore our part; to bow, with reventi-

ad awe, to that hand who corrects only for our benefit.

“Ah! my worthy friend, what an arduous task, what a letter have I to send to Lady Dudley! watch over the health, guard the life of that amiable woman: let me hope her strength of mind—Vain man; self-love may blind me. Suffer me to indulge this hope, that tranquil peace may be restored:—I can no more:—relieve my oppressed heart,—and commiserate your unhappy friend,

EDWARD MORTIMER.”

We must allow Mr. Mortimer's situation new, and uncommon. In the year 1785, he was *oppressed with two good women*.—Such characters there are, even in these our times: It is in the shade the virtues flourish; but when called forth to public view by elevated rank, then are the shafts of malice levelled; then, does envy and ignorance shoot the most pointed darts,

darts, till disgusted by *ingratitude*, this unhappy kingdom is bereft of the first and *greatest ornament* of our nobility: their splendour enriches our enemies, whilst the ingenious artist mourns the fostering hand of Genius, and generous protection.—But to return:—

The good Vicar foresaw he had every thing to fear from the impetuosity and high spirit of Mr. Brown; he determined to keep the name of Bellamy a secret from him. Youth is impatient of injuries; and Mr. Brown would have forgot the gentle Julia, for the keen revenge of punishing the enemies of his guardian, for in that light he considered Colonel Melancour, and for whom he would have lost his life.

“ Lady Dudley suffered much, to which Mrs. Cassock only was witness; she supported her own dignity and conscious worth. Letters had been exchanged between the *ladies*; hardly is it possible to say,

say, which most deserved compassion. Emilia had gone through an age of misery, which she had supported by religion : she might be truly said to be dead to the world, and all the joys that life can give.—Her husband and her child were restored to her ; she had long mourned for them in the grave : after the first gleam of joy, she returned to her accustomed state of retirement and contemplation : her religious duties engaged most of her time : she had thrown off her suit of mourning, and in its stead wore white without the least ornament : the finest hair in the world was only regarded as troublesome, and not suffered to appear : she was beautiful as an angel : Mr. Mortimer adored her as a superior being, and felt for her the highest esteem and veneration ; but the gay and social companion was lost in the seraphic inhabitant of a better world than this.

Mr.

Mr. Mortimer spent his time with the true consciousness that it was his own fault he was not happy, but with the certainty he felt miserable.—He availed himself of the invitation of Lady Dudley to celebrate the nuptials of Julia: he wished to go alone, but Mrs. Mortimer thought she could support the fatigue of the journey, by the prospect of seeing her long-lost daughter, and that she owed Lady Dudley her thanks for her goodness to Julia. —They set out, travelling by slow stages, and at length arrived at Mr. Mortimer's cottage, where Julia waited to receive her mother. Lady Dudley left Mrs. Mortimer with her Julia for that evening, as it was then late. The good Vicar was impatient to embrace his beloved friend, and in some measure, to prepare him for the altered looks of Lady Dudley.

The morning arrived, which was to introduce to each other two amiable women. Mrs. Mortimer was secure of her happi-

ness, and had only the feelings of gratitude to add to the friendship she was disposed to feel for Lady Dudley, in whose breast there were great perturbations. She had been in the habit of seeing Mr. Mortimer, *not* in his present situation: she had indulged the generosity of her heart in placing him in that affluence he was born; from his elegance and goodness, to adorn, she must still continue to see him the oppressed character, deprived of that wealth, which, with the generality of the world, stands in the place of merit, or even virtue. She knew there was but one method to remove this difficulty; and she found consolation in the thoughts, that this period was not far distant. The cheerfulness this idea inspired her with, gave her the spirits of which she stood in need; and with the assistance of the arm of the good Vicar, she walked with her friend Mrs. Cassock, to Mr. Mortimer's little cottage.

Julia

Julia was waiting, and flew to embrace Lady Dudley. Mr. Mortimer (even with the Vicar's previous preparation) was distressed by an apparent ill state of health; and the same thought which gave Lady Dudley joy, was to him, the subject of extreme anguish: she assured him she was better than she had been for some time, and was impatient to embrace Mrs. Mortimer, whom Julia went to inform of Lady Dudley's arrival.

Emilia entered:—her figure finely formed; her features, the symmetry of beauty; the expression of her face, sweetness and grief, pale and unassuming. When Lady Dudley remembered the number of years she had suffered, her heart smote her; and she hated that selfish partiality which prevented her renouncing Mr. Mortimer. Lady Dudley intreated her friendship, and after a visit of some time, in which the ladies found much in each other to captivate esteem,

Lady Dudley's carriage arrived, and the two ladies, with the Vicar and Mr. Mortimer, went to take the air, leaving Mrs. Caffock to chaperone Julia: Mr. Brown being just arrived, after an age of absence from his Julia. Mr. Walder was at that juncture drawing a plan to rebuild the back front, with many other alterations, on his marriage with Lady Dudley.

Music was the soul of the Dudley parties, and they had an excellent concert; Mrs. Mortimer sung one song; every person was charmed, and the appearance of happiness reigned once more in this society.

The Mortimers dined and spent the evenings at Dudley Park. Julia lived in her father's house. Mr. Brown and Mr. Walder, with the Vicar and Mrs. Caffock, continued with Lady Dudley.

Prepa-

Preparations were making for Julia's marriage; elegance took the place of show, and beauty has little occasion for magnificence. Lady Dudley had long intreated to be at the whole expence.

Mr. Walder thought it was pity to defer Lady Dudley's happiness: every obstacle being removed on the part of Mr. Mortimer, he had not any thing to fear; every circumstance conspired to promote the placing his person and accomplishments in the point of view he wished. *The widow* had a clear estate of five thousand a year; might live a few months in town in the winter; fearful some pretender would presume, he thought no time should be lost in declaring his own favourable intentions; and the next morning, after breakfast, with some hesitation, he requested the honour to speak to her in private. Lady Dudley smiled; she knew Mr. Walder's situation; regarded him as a weak, inoffensive character; she feared some

embarrassment, and determined to accommodate him with the loan he might require. Being seated, Lady Dudley with great sweetness assured him, she should find pleasure if she could be of any service to him herself, or her friends, who were fortunately in power, by being on the side of the minister. Mr. Walder, from this kindness, conjectured every difficulty was removed from his hopes; he took her hand in a gay manner, represented the unsocial life of a single woman, and the happiness there might be expected with a man of family, so agreeable as *himself*. Lady Dudley arose, and said, she could have wished to be polite in her own house; but as it had subjected her to ignorance and vanity, she must for these reasons request him to order his horses, and never in future honour her with his acquaintance;—she then left him, with a look more expressive than words. Mr. Walder surveyed his person (which was tolerably genteel) in the large pier-glass, whistled

whistled an opera air, thought *the widow* was a fool to be blind to such perfections, and went in pursuit of Harry Brown, to tell him the *droll* adventure, perfectly insensible to the difference there was in his character, and that of Lady Dudley's. He left the house after a severe raillery from the Vicar, and was making post for London, when he recollected he was not yet *rechosen* for the borough of blunderheads—that he ~~was~~ in the predicament of having a seat in that honourable house, or going to jail.—He therefore struck across the country, to Sir Gosling Neverout's, who had kept his seat many sessions, by saying aye or no, as he was bid; he was certain of being perfectly well received, as he was full of anecdotes. He told the whole history of the old soldier, and the recovery of a *wife*, mal-a-propos; the pale-faced daughter (without the least knowledge of the world) making a dupe of that pretty fellow Harry Brown, with the widow Dudley pining for the wounded veteran;

ran; and to render the whole completely ridiculous, (what no soul on earth would believe) absolutely rejecting *himself*, ending with a loud laugh:—then, being forced to make an apology for being deceived, he owned she had an estate; that Dudley Park had many natural beauties, but was quite out of taste; and that she was really a good sort of woman, except her pride and affectation:—loved the country, had few expences, and seemed perfectly content to spend the rest of her days with some queer figures, an old parson and his wife, whom she was very fond of.

Thus are the first of characters traduced by ignorance and folly. Sorry we are to add, that he was heard with pleasure: as any circumstances to another's disadvantage (except in superior minds) seldom fail of gaining belief.

Mr.

Mr. Walder's insignificance of character, with his vanity and presumption, furnished Mr. Mortimer with many strokes of satire, in which he was joined by the good Vicar; but as their minds were incapable of malice, after furnishing a little amusement for the hour, he was suffered to die with the insect, who lives but till the setting sun.

Julia saw the elegance of dress for her marriage with perfect indifference: refined delicacy she knew to be the taste of Mr. Brown, and was so unfashionable as to have no wish but to please her husband. Possibly she was sensible how little ornaments are required to adorn extreme youth and beauty. She left the whole to her friends, thinking them beneath her notice, if they deprived her of spending her time with the man it would be soon her duty to study to please.

At last the happy day arrived, that gave the charming Julia to her enraptured Harry. He flew to Mr. Mortimer's, where he found his Julia arrayed in virgin modesty. Sweet as the blushing rose in summer showers, he received her from the hand of her mother. "I give her to you, Mr. Brown," continued Emilia, "as my long-lost treasure; I believe her inestimable; may heaven bless you both, and suffer no interruption to your happiness." She embraced her child, shedding a tear of maternal tenderness in the bosom of her Julia. Mr. Brown was struck with bitter reflection, and determined to guard with care, against any intruders of his peace.

Mr. Mortimer arrived in the midst of this soft sorrow, of which he but too well knew the occasion. He was charmed with the lovely appearance of Julia—the animated beauty of Mr. Brown:—the virtues which beamed in both, would not, without

without the blessing of the Almighty, secure their happiness. This had been in private, the subject of his prayers, but he would not suffer gravity to intimidate his beloved Julia. After a breakfast, in which happiness and sensibility reigned expressive in every countenance, they proceeded in Lady Dudley's coach to the church, where the Vicar met them, accompanied by Lady Dudley and Mrs. Cassock. The ceremony was performed with great solemnity by the Vicar, and attended to by the bride and bridegroom with religious awe; they made their vow in confidence and hope, the best security to preserve their happiness.

Propitious may our nuptials prove,
Welcome honour, welcome love;
Dimpled smiles at dangers past,
FIDELITY's the chain to last.

The evening concluded with a concert,
and Mrs. Brown intreated Lady Dudley,
that

that several days might be spent in the sweet joys of domestic life, (where lively friendship united to perfect confidence, makes the most trifling subjects interesting) before they suffered themselves to be broke in upon by the world. Lady Dudley's study was to give happiness.

Mr. Mortimer felt every anxious care renewed for the health and even life of that dear friend: he consulted with the worthy Vicar: all her friends took the alarm. Mr. Mortimer trembling with his fears, intreated a consultation: Lady Dudley smiled, and gave her consent; two physicians were called in, both eminent; but Dr. B——— to his skill added the strongest feeling of humanity; his penetration made him to see the wound was too deep for medicine to find efficacy. He mentioned his fears with caution to the Vicar, that he trembled for the danger of Lady Dudley: pressed him to urge her departure to the South of France, as the
last

last resource on which her life depended, and advised, that he and Mr. Cassock would attend her, and no other person, as much depended on keeping her mind in a state of tranquility.

When the Vicar hinted this to Mr. Mortimer, no words can describe his sorrow and despair; and when he was debarred (by express prohibition) attending Lady Dudley to the South of France, his heart was oppressed with the most poignant grief.

The good Vicar, with the soothing mildness of a real friend, endeavoured to reconcile the reprehensibleness of his conduct, and gave him every reason to hope, that Lady Dudley's mind, being restored to a state of tranquility, might reinstate her health; with these thoughts Mr. Mortimer was enabled to give the necessary orders for the travelling coach, and every other preparation. Lady Dudley remained hours in conference with her lawyer,

lawyer, who possessed both integrity and honour.

After this business was finished, she met her friends with cheerfulness, and proposed they should all spend the following winter at Paris.

Sweet salutary hope! how soon does the heart catch at thy balmy influence! every individual felt joy at the idea; they durst not examine too deeply. She requested that Mr. and Mrs. Brown would be her guests; keep up every custom, particularly that of a gala day to her tenants; made alterations in her house; and laid future plans of happiness. The tears fell from her eyes. They were invited to breakfast by the Vicar at the usual hour. Every thing was prepared, and Lady Dudley threw herself into her coach two hours before the expected time. Lady Dudley left a short note to all her friends, that, unable to take leave, she had
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been forced to use that expedient. She was obliged to resign her pen. The Vicar introduced the language of hope; anticipated the pleasure of their meeting at Paris: Mrs. Cassock added a few lines; she scarce knew how to disguise the truth; that the fortitude of Lady Dudley's mind she feared would surpass her strength. They promised to write from Calais.

Mr. Mortimer durst not disobey Lady Dudley's commands; but on the pretence of making a visit to a gentleman, rode to the town through which the post must pass, and obtained his letter the sooner by some hours: With transport he read that Lady Dudley was better; the Vicar assuring him there was really room for hope. This intelligence filled the house with joy; a second letter from Paris confirmed their happiness, and they determined every demonstration should be shewn on the approaching birth-day of Lady Dudley. The weather was remarkably warm, and the
flowers

flowers put forth all their beauties; the trees were cloathed in the most verdant shade; there were different amusements for the peasants: health, youth, and pleasure in their air; Lady Dudley had the custom of presenting to every girl a straw hat, bound with pink, and adorned with ribbands; whose modesty and good conduct made her worthy that distinction; none would venture to remain in the village when deprived of that ornament; they adorned, with all the spoils of Flora, the poles supporting green awnings, under which were placed refreshments, and danced to the rustic sound of the tabor and pipe; youth, beauty, and innocence in their looks; the ladies mixed in the rural ball under the shade of the tallest trees. An elegant cold dinner was served up, with ice, and every fruit in season; nor were the villagers forgot; the board was for them plentifully spread under the trees, in the vale: the general joy that sat on every countenance contributed to the gaiety.

gaiety ot the scene. Again they renewed their sports ;—when on the setting of the sun on the western hill, four miles distant, was perceived the slow and solemn procession of a funeral ; the horses' nodding plumes, the escutcheons visible ; at once the procession stoꝓt, and a messenger arrived, who announced LADY DUDLY's approach. The Vicar first descried the streamers of gayest colours waving in the air, at Dudley Park—the assemblage of the people ;——He recollected the day, and judged his last letter had never been received.

The shock Mr. Mortimer must feel, thus unprepared, distressed the mind of the good and worthy Vicar ; it was the living were the objects of his compassion : he did not presume to pity the *angel* receiving the reward of a well spent-life. To the manes of his honoured friend Lady Dudley, he owed the ceremony of respect, but to soothe the afflictions of the wounded

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ed heart was his characteristic, and the duty of his sacred function. He ordered the procession to stop, dispatched the messenger, and took the advantage of an accidental chaise to follow himself.

The scene was changed; the gay friends for the hours of lively mirth, ordered their carriages in haste, and fled the harbingers of death.

The youths and village maids, with uncontaminated hearts, tore away their own ornaments, and removed every sign of festival joy; they mourned; they wept for their benefactress.—Not thus Mr. Mortimer: he approached the Vicar in all the outward forms of woe, whom he embraced, and while he pressed him to his breast, —“ Let us go, my friend, and meet Lady Dudly.” They entered the carriages, and sat in silence most expressive, meantime

“ The

* "The village bell with melancholy sound
"Rings out the knell of death."

Julia, with all the impetuosity of youth was scarce to be restrained from rushing forward, to meet her beloved friend, the guardian of her youth, Lady Dudley. Her amiable husband strove with every gentle power to assuage the torrent of her grief. It is in the times of affliction for conjugal affection to shine with superior lustre; soothed by the man she loved, she promised to be patient: Emilia, already the inhabitant of heaven, resigned to every degree, retired to pray, to mitigate the sorrows of Mr. Mortimer's breast.

Envy drooped her head. Now were the superior virtues of Lady Dudley's character allowed to shine, and the malicious were the first to assent to her praise.

* Landscapes in Verse.

The

HISTORY OF THE

The procession arrived; the harbingers of mortality were prepared for her reception:—the saloon (late the scene of mirth) was clothed with every emblem of death. The bearers set down their sacred burden. Mr. Mortimer hastily removed the lid, which concealed a face, lovely in death. A smile sat on the countenance, as if in pity to her beholders.

Lady Dudley was in a robe of white satin; the gauze veil on her head, and partly over her face, loosely thrown on her solemn dress in careless drapery. Mr. Mortimer gazed on her angelic form; he kissed her hand in woe too great for utterance:—By the force of these words,

* “O frail! O weak! O poor mortality!”

which the Vicar uttered as he looked on Lady Dudley, Mr. Mortimer felt the ingratitude of selfish affliction; he kissed her hand once more, then bowing, left her—“to her God.”

* Landscapes in Verse.

After

After the funeral rites—we will presume to *aver*, that Mr. Mortimer received no consolation from finding himself the sole heir of Lady Dudley's noble fortune. To the mercenary, worldly character, *this* will appear unintelligible; to the elevated mind we write; and some, the first in virtue as in sense, will honour these pages with perusal. Mr. Mortimer wanted not the boast of wealth to exalt his character, but he had now the power of influence to assist the drooping arts,—shield from the rude blast of vulgar minds, the wounded delicacy of unmerited ill fortune—and lastly, the unutterable blessing of turning the widow's tears into joy.

Some months passed before the inhabitants of Dudley Park could participate the cheerful scenes around them. Mr. Mortimer had been in town, and was returning to his friend with Col. Melancour, Lady C——, and her two eldest daughters, Lady Louisa, and Lady Emilia. In Mr. Mortimer's absence, the good Vicar

car (who thought no subject *trivial* which preserved happiness) ventured to give his advice to Emilia.—To please a human being, goodness alone is not sufficient; to engage the heart, it becomes necessary to be *agreeable*.

When Mr. Mortimer arrived and entered the saloon, he found his Emilia (from the Vicar's advice) not only a beautiful, but a well-dressed woman; and in her joy at his return, felt his love renewed.

The worthy Vicar's character was well known to Colonel Melancour: they met as old friends.

Lady Louisa and Lady Emilia were charmed with Julia, who (artless as she was lovely) felt, and expressed her admiration at their beauty. These young females had been educated by superior minds, who had never suffered to flourish such a baneful weed as Envy.

Having

Having brought Mr. Mortimer and Emilia to a situation of happiness, giving them both wealth and affluence; we will leave them to be courted by all the world, who discover in them perfections every hour. They spent the following winter in town: Emilia was overwhelmed with the politeness of Mrs. Mortimer's sisters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Frances, who had unfortunately passed the meridian of their charms.

Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy retired to the continent, where having spent some years, he was left to end his days in a French jail; which, when Mr. Mortimer heard of, he ordered his banker at Paris, to furnish him (from an unknown hand) with the necessaries, and some of the comforts of life, and then left him to his fate. Mrs. Bellamy, after a life of *vice*, died, neglected and despised by all the world.

Sir Benjamin Pliant obtained the Irish peerage, enjoyed supreme felicity in the homage of his dependants, and had not
sense

sense enough to discover that he was—
Nobody.

Miss Pliant contented herself with plaguing her domestics, and Miss Penelope and Sir Ralph Mildew *married* with a private agreement, (we imagine) to torment each other.

Lady Betty Frail, with a *disposition* to have rendered a man of sense and honour happy, lost her reputation, and was contemptible, or fashionable, which idea suits the disposition of the present reader.

Having disposed of the *dramatis personæ*—we will conclude with the worthy Vicar, who, as his first wishes were for the happiness of mankind, was furnished every hour with subjects to exert his benevolence; and we presume to hope, that such a mind will not only find felicity in this life, but the reward for his virtues in a world to come.

T H E E N D.